

DEFEAT

MD. FAQUH

499

~~11/11/11~~

81

Presented to
Senior B. T. College, Baripur



~~A~~
155

Samsul Alam Sarkar
(Trainer '57-'58)

7

DEFEAT

~~The end~~

1882

BY

MD. FAQUIR,

(*Head Master, the Sarangpur M. E. School*).




Rs. 2/-

Published by—
Md. FAQUIR,
Sudarsan, Ramnathpur,
Hooghly.

LIBRARY OF THE
Date.....
Vol. No. 6821

FIRST EDITION.



Printed by —
S. C. PAUL,
at The Sunrise Press,
Chinsurah, Hooghly.

DEFEAT

CHAPTER I

Joseph's Room

Midnight. All the directions were silent and tranquil. The full moon was shining brightly in the cloudless sky. Joseph was sleeping soundly in his room on the sofa and the moon-beam fell upon his youthful face through the window. Fortuitously the door of the room was knocked and the sound was heard "Open the door. I have got some urgency with you." No response. Again that very sound was sounded. This time the answer came from within "Who are you?" "I am Mary, open the door, please, I have got some urgency with you." The door of the room was opened and Mary entered into the room as if being charmed and took her seat by the side of Joseph on the sofa

and remained silent. After a while, Joseph said "My dear Mary, why are you speechless in this way."

Mary answered nothing. Again she was asked. This time Mary opened her mouth and said, "Perhaps after a few days, I shall make a journey to another village with my father as he has a piece of urgent business there and most probably I shall remain in sojourn for about one month. Now my dear Joseph, how I shall stay there for such a long period without seeing you!" So saying, she began to sob and tears rolled down her cheeks. Josephs remained silent for a little while and then said, "My dear Mary, don't be so anxious, man can do everything if he so wish. Your thinking about your not being able to stay in sojourn for about a month without seeing me, is only weakness of your mind. Be strong at heart and your anxieties will be vanished. And if it be so possible, I shall see you there on the pretext of hunting."

This consolation of Joseph brought no pacification to the heart of Mary but at any rate, she stopped her sobbing and said, "My dear lover,

though you attempt to pacify me in this manner, yet my mind is not being controlled and I think that this one month of my sojourn is more than an annum but if I can, I must persuade my father to leave me at home." Joseph said, "Do what you think better but I tell you to accompany your father." So saying Joseph became silent and stooped his head on his knees. He remained in that position for some time and when he raised his head, to his great astonishment he saw that Mary was not in the room. Joseph hastily came out of his room and looked this way and that but nowhere her trace could be found. Then Joseph again lay down on his sofa and began to think many things about Mary whom he loved so dearly.

• He began to think that perhaps Mary would accompany her father without telling him and even before her departure she would not see him anymore. Though Joseph permitted her to accompany her father, yet he did not do so from the depth of his heart. He gave her only oral permission and nothing else. He only did so in order to show Mary his so called strength of mind which he had not at all.

Now, Joseph began to suffer from such a tribulation of mind that he passed the rest of the night sleeplessly. In the morning Joseph rose from his bed and washed his face and then laved in the lavatory. And then he taking tea, attempted to go through *Capital of Marx* assiduously but failed in his attempt.

He began to think deeply why his mind had changed in that way. *Capital of Marx* which was the most interesting book to him, now, could draw his attention no more. Joseph ejaculated "The love of Mary has changed my mind." Once he thought that he should go to see Mary and next time he thought that he should not. Oscillating between *yes and no* he entered into his room, took the gun and went out to shoot fowls.

CHAPTER II

Joseph and Charles

Rainy season. In the afternoon, Joseph seated in his Chair in a gloomy manner, keeping *Capital of Marx* before him on the table though he was not reading a tall. He was absorbed in the thought about Mary. Now, Charles, his bosom friend, entered the room and stood behind his chair; but Joseph could not know of it in the least degree as he was completely absorbed in the thought of Mary and almost forgot everything around him.

Charles noticed his attitude for some time minutely standing behind him and said in a soft tone, "Friend what are you thinking about?" Joseph started as if from sleep and looking behind saw Charles standing behind him. Now,

he became somewhat ashamed for this his pensive mood and in an adumbration told Charles to take his seat in another chair which was beside him. Charles did as he was told. After taking his seat Charles again requested him to describe about his thoughtfulness. Joseph, at first, hesitated, but after a little while described everything from beginning to end :— How he fell in love with Mary, how one midnight she came to him and told him about her ensuing sojourn which yet did not take place, how she told him sobbing that she would not be able to remain in sojourn without seeing him how his admonition expelled her at last from his room.

Charles heard everything with assiduity and then said as follows :—

My dear Joseph, though it is evident from your statement that both Mary and you are fast fascinated with each other but as I see in my mind's eye, she does not love you truly, (though you love her truly) ; besides, the love of the female is transitory, now she will love one man and then another. To-day she will

love me and to-morrow, another man. My dear Joseph, don't be angry at this admonition of mine.

I am telling you the true fact. I am not a poet and I am not telling you any imaginary thing like the description of a poet

The love of a female is a matter of high panegyric to the poet's and it is highly praised by those who are intoxicated with poetic tendency to some extent. But it is almost nothing to natural science where, more-over it is proved to be mischievous (of course when illegally applied and not confirmed by matrimonial tie, as in the case of Mary). Joseph, you may say of the ladies and their knights of the medieval age but at that time such kind of bundling and merry making was not prevalent but only woman-cult continued. The Knights, even, did not touch the bodies of their ladies but loved them sincerely and obeyed their mandates. But at a later period, this custom assumed another aspect and then woman-enjoying prevailed in many countries of Europe instead of woman-cult of the medieval age. Of course, you know this usage

prevailed among the lower-class people. In island of Taxel openings were made under the windows near which the bedsteads of the unmarried girls were situated and through these orifices so-called lovers entered into rooms and made merry-making with the girls to the fullextent.

Even, still this evil custom is said to exist among the peasant class of Germany ; but it is restricted to one night in a month or in a year (Vide selections from folkways by William Graham Sumner). My dear Joseph disist from your mad business. Make² love no more with Mary. This will lead you to tribulation, not to pacification, you will find no mental peace but only suffer from mental anxiety. Dear friend, do not be given to passion, but try to control yourself otherwise one day when Mary² will forget you and make love and bundling with another person finding the latter superior to you in every respect and leave you in the wilderness then what will you do ? Joseph, you are a mere school master. Many professors may be her suitors and then she will care for you no more, you will cry in the wilderness. Therefore, make hay while the sun shines.

Here, Charles stopped. Joseph pondered over for a while what Charles had told. He began to think that Charles had told what is occurring in the world generally but every generality has its exception. Illegal love brings about one's ruin, he thought, but his case might be otherwise ; many women and girls leave their lovers but Mary would not be able to do so as her love was deeper than that of any common woman. Suddenly Joseph exclaimed with emotion, "Charles, my dear friend, what you have said is a general truth ; but you know, of course, that a truth can not be applied in each case of the same kind. Out of a hundred cases of the same kind, a maxim may be failed in five cases which are called exceptions and this case of my Mary may be included in the exceptions." So saying Joseph stopped oration and looked at Charles wistfully in order to hear his approval. But Charles did not open his mouth in approval, but got up from his chair, and left the room after bidding him farewell.

When Charles departed, then it was about evening, Joseph rose from his chair and came

out of the room in order to walk in the open field which was at western end of his village. But no sooner did he come out of the house than an old woman came to him and informed him that Mary had gone to another village with her father that day, and about one month would be taken for her coming back. This old woman was a maid-servant in the house of Mary, and at the time of departure, she requested her to inform Joseph privately about her departure and remaining there for about one month. Now, I say unto my readers that Joseph and Mary were the inhabitants of the same village. Only a rivulet separated their houses. After giving information, that old woman went away and Joseph went towards the field to take a walk there. When Joseph reached the field, then it was late and all the directions were covered with darkness. The sky was over-cast with clouds, and now and then lightning was flashing and roaring of the cloud was being heard. Joseph sat under a dark tree for a while, and began to think about Mary, and at last settled that after one week he would see her on the pretext of hunting. So thinking he came back home and

after supper retired to rest. He lay down on his sofa and tried to slumber, but at any rate he could not sleep soundly. However, he passed the night between sleep and insomnia.

My dear reader, now, once think about the impression of love of human mind. Slumber which is a heavenly gift can be easily dispersed by this impression. Even the mind of the greatest ascetic may be agitated by the force of love. But perhaps the female-mind is not so much agitated as that of a male.

after supper retired to rest. He lay down on his side and tried to slumber, but at any rate he could not sleep soundly. However, he passed the night between sleep and wakefulness.

CHAPTER III

Joseph and his mother.

1 P. M. Joseph was sauntering in his room being absorbed in some deep thought when his mother entered the room, whose entry was not observed by Joseph. The mother paused for a while, and then addressed him by the name. Joseph suddenly stopped his saunter and looked at his mother being 'ashamed, and then said, "Mamma, how long are you standing here? I did not notice you at all." His mother thought for a while and then said, "Joseph what do you think always and what is the cause of your thought? Many times I have observed your pensive mood. My dear Joseph, do not tell a lie before me. Truly say unto me what you always think about. You are getting lean and thin day after day. Joseph, you are my only

son, and am I not afflicted to see you suffer in this way? Dear son, express what is ailing you, and I must try my utmost to relieve you if I can." Joseph paused for a while and then opened his mouth in the following way:

"My dear mother, nothing has happened to me and nothing ails me but I always think about something which I myself cannot understand. Sometimes I become so absorbed in it that I forget even my own existence. Dear mother, I am afraid of being crazy." Now, the speech of Joseph's mother changed its direction, and began to flow in another channel. She went on saying again, "Joseph, now I say unto you whether you will marry, or adopt celibacy forever. Celibacy is also good in so far as it may be kept up during the whole life; but if any break occurs, the breaker becomes ludicrous before the society. Dear Joseph, now-a-days it is detected that most of the youths who take the vow (not before church but private) of celibacy become corrupted, and sometimes even elope with their paramours. In such cases their lives become miserable. Though I always advise you to marry yet I do

not blame celibacy which is a coruscating jewel and which is the only way of learning many great sciences and arts profoundly and which can not be learnt so profoundly by married men as by celibates. But it must be kept up during the whole life without any break. Lastly, in the conclusion of my speech, Joseph, I instruct you to marry as soon as possible otherwise your mental condition will not be changed.' Here, she stopped and Joseph, too, remained silent making the atmosphere of the room grave and serene. Then all on a sudden, Joseph broke his silence, and asked his mother as if startled from deep meditation. "Dear mother is not Mary at home? I hear that she has gone to another village with her father." Joseph's mother, though, did not know anything about the love of Mary and Joseph yet through her natural cleverness she understood something about it. But she did not express anything and suppressing herself, she only said, "I know not."

Joseph noticed his mother's angry mood, and at once left the room pretending that he had a piece of business abroad. His mother remained

for a short period in the room after his departure, and all the while began to ponder over the future career of her son. Joseph, coming out of the room, sauntered on the village roads for sometime, all the while thinking about Mary as if she were more than his nearest relative. Then when it was 4 P. M., he sat under a tree leaning against it, and through his unconsciousness he fell fast asleep.

While he was sleeping, Mary appeared in the dream, and sat beside him, and then said in a mild and loving tone, "My dear Joseph, why are you delaying so long in seeing me on a hunting pretext which I am expecting day after day from sun-rise to sun-set?" This dream roused him from his slumber, and then it was about evening, and so he, delaying no more, returned home.

CHAPTER IV

Dear reader, please say what name I shall give to the village where Mary was living in sojourn with her father. Now, being your representative, I am naming it Cumnor which is an excellent name and which can easily be found in Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*. Cumnor. A beautiful village, surrounded on all sides by colossal trees and small plants, had some four hundred inhabitants in it. Most of the inhabitants were peasants, and few were some what literate, and these literate ones often remained abroad for the sake of Government service. Though, most of the inhabitants were peasants yet they were modest and simple.

Now, Mary, with her father, was living in this village, and every day, expecting the coming of Joseph. In this way some twenty days elapsed.

By chance, one day when it was about 10 a. m., Mary heard the sound of a gun. At first she could not conceive it clearly. But again, bang, bang—went the gun. Now, Mary became sure that Joseph had come. Yet to be cock-sure, she sent a maid-servant of the house to see who was firing in the nearing forest. She did as she was told but, a matter of regret, she found none in the forest. Coming back she informed it to Mary, but this information did not satisfy Mary, and she herself went to the forest in quest of her lover. After having wandered in the forest for a while in search of Joseph, Mary saw a youngman under a tree with a gun in his hand and aiming at a bird that was seated on the bough of that tree. Next moment, bang, bang went the gun and the bird fell upon the ground dead. Now, Mary recognised the man and approaching him said, “Joseph, my dearest dear, why are you so late? Here, I am expecting you day after day. At night, I can not sleep a sound sleep and always dream about you and it appears to me in my dream that we are sitting together and talking about various matters. Joseph, you are a cruel hearted lover ; if your mind would be as

tender as mine, you would not delay so long in seeing me. My dearest dear your mind is adamant, and it is not as soft as a flower. I am always seeing your souvenir within my own mind, but cruel lover, say truly whether you have seen my souvenir within your mind even for once. In my father's hall I was as blithe as a morning lark and gay as a rose but why have you plucked me from there? Have you plucked me in order to tread under your feet? Surely, you have found a more beautiful lady than I. If not, then why are you neglecting me in this way? You have destroyed my beauty and complexion and what not? Cruel Joseph, is this thy love? For this did I love you so much?" So saying, she interrupted and began to sob. Joseph drew her to his breast, wiped out her tears, and consoled her in many a loving term, and then said that he could not see her in time due to some urgency at home, and for this, he begged her pardon again and again. At this, Mary became somewhat pacified, and Joseph raised her by the hand, and after embracing her, took her with him, and with the gun in his hand, went in search of wild fowls

which he could shoot. One after another, he shot several birds which Mary retrieved gladly. Now, after having finished hunting. Joseph and Mary sat under a tree, and Mary began to speak to Joseph in the following manner :—

Josephs, my dearest dear, I can not express in words how I love you. I always see your portrait in my mind whether awake or asleep. Now, My dearest lover, please, promise to me that you will marry me. I am promising on my part that I must marry you.

Now, Joseph, also, promised that he would marry her. Hearing this, Mary became too much consoled, and kissed Joseph on the cheek. Then she went on as follows :—I always, pray to God that I may die before your death, and if it be destined that you will die before my death then in that case, I must commit suicide, and the whole cosmos will speak highly of our love, and you will also hear of it from heaven.

Hearing this statement of Mary, Joseph became more attracted to her, and began to think

that surely Mary, loved him truly and now he became somewhat enraged with his friend Charles who spoke many ominous things about her love.

Dear reader, behold the coquetry of a woman. Man is always overpowered by her charms and coquetry. Of course, there are many women in this world who are true to their love ; but false love can be detected in many cases, and this case of Mary and Joseph will surely be of the latter character. Because, while Mary is speaking so highly of her own love, her love must be false on the ground that a qualified person does not speak of his (or her) qualification personally.

Now, it was too late and Mary found no way to delay any more, so she bade farewell to Joseph, and at the time of departure, she said to Joseph that she would see him in her native village within a week or so. After the departure of Mary, Joseph, also started towards his native village, and reached home at the close of day.

1499/1

L
155



CHAPTER—V

(Mary and her father on their way back)

At night, Mary's father said to her, "My dear daughter, next morning we shall start for our native village as I have finished the piece of business which I had here, and I need not stay abroad any more. Be prepared at night for the departure." So saying, he left her apartment, and went to his bed-room to sleep as now their supper was over. After the departure of her father, Mary sat down on her sofa in a joyous mood for a while, then rose up and put all her clothes in a portmanteau, and then went to bed and slept. In her slumber, she dreamt as if Joseph was sitting beside her and saying :—

My dear Mary, why are you delaying so much in going to your native village? I can not tolerate this separation. Mary, you do not

4999 : 4999

Date : 6821

Page : 6821



understand my restlessness and mental anxiety from which I have been suffering. Your separation has infused infernal fire into my breast. None can imagine the pangs of separation but a lover. Mary, your love has made me a lunatic and, at the same time, a beggar. But who will give alms to such a beggar? Who can fulfil the wants of such a beggar? It is you and you only who can fulfil the wants of such a beggar as I am. Mary, I am the beggar, and you are the giver. I am vanquished, and you are victorious. Mary, you are a candle, and I am an insect; please, do not burn me to ashes. Your flames are always attracting me, and being quite unable to withstand this attraction, I am always running towards the flames of your love as an insect is attracted towards the flames of fire. My dear Mary, if the flames of your love burn me to ashes, then my material body will only be burnt; my immortal soul will remain intact, and it will always follow you wherever you go.

Mary, my soul will follow you to heaven, to hell, to the earth, to the air, and where not? The corrosive fire which has been conflagrated

within my breast will not be put out in my life time. It is always drawing me towards destruction.

Mary, if in this world our union is not possible, then we must unite in the next world where disease, infirmity, and death are unknown and where juvenility is always present, where the entrance of old age is strictly prohibited, where vernal season is ever-lasting, and where perennial peace exists, Mary, we will be united in that place which is called paradise and where our common father and common mother Adam and Eve at first lived. So saying he paused for a while and then again went on :—

“Mary, I have been facinated to you as if by magical power. I have tried my utmost in order to forget you, but I cannot. Mary, I hope, you will not forget me as I can not forget you, but if you forget me and love another, then before doing so, please give me poison which will end my life, and in this way save me from the pangs of your separation.” So saying Joseph, suddenly, vanished and was seen no

more. Mary startled and awoke and then sat upon her sofa. She began to think many things about Joseph, and then again lay down on her sofa and slept. Getting up somewhat late in the morning. Mary saw a coach at the gate of the house, and seeing the coach, she hastily finished her break-fast, and with the portmanteau in her hand, she went to her father's apartment, and found him taking his break-fast. Seeing Mary approach, he hastily finished his break fast, and then asked her whether the coach had arrived. Mary answered in the affirmative, so her father hastily made himself ready, and came out of the apartment with Mary, and then bade farewell to the inmates of the house, and got into the coach with his beloved daughter. Now, the coachman drove the coach, and after a few minutes they left that celebrated village Cumnor where in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the neglected wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was mercilessly murdered by the assassins through the instigation of the merciless Earl who falling in love with the Queen thought it proper to remove his wife from this world. Because it was whispered that were he celibate

or widower, the Queen would marry him, and with this object in view,

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester did this heinous act. At any rate, his desire was not fulfilled. Now, the coach was being driven by a public road which was very broad but which was not metalled, and for this reason the coach was going at a slow speed. Suddenly, the sound of the gun was heard, and as Mary looked about, she saw Joseph, with the gun in his hand. Seeing Joseph there, she said to her father, "Father, Joseph is shooting birds here, shall I join him in the game?" The father said, "You may, if you so wish, but you must come back in the evening otherwise your mother will be anxious about you." Mary agreed to it and then she got down from the carriage and hastily went to Joseph. In the mean-time, the carriage disappeared. Seeing Mary to him, Joseph said to her in a loving tone, "My dear Mary, it is out of expectation that I shall find you here. It is, however, good luck on my part that I have found you here but I was going to see you in Cumnor as I have got some urgency with you."

Hearing the word "urgency," Mary became very curious, and began to request Joseph, again and again to disclose the fact. At her earnest request, Joseph went on as follows :—

Mary, my dear, I am hearing that you will be married soon with a rich man's son who is also highly educated. I have heard that your mother is determined to marry you with that man. Hearing this news, I have been disheartened, and at the same time too much sorrowful, but what shall I do? I am a penurious man and at the same time poorly educated. My dear love, that I have loved you so much will be of no avail. Poor man's love is not valued in this world. In this world, true love is neglected everywhere, but pecuniary love, though it may be false, is caressed everywhere. In this world, love is always weighed in the financial scale, and true love is always set aside, if the lover be poor. Mary, here my true love towards you will be vanquished by your new suitor's pecuniary love which, in this economic world of now-a-days, is too highly valued. Mary, if you marry your new suitor according to your mother's opinion,

please give me some strong poison, before your marriage, which will bring about my speedy death. No, no I must not destroy my juvenile life; I must be patient, very patient, and at the time of your marriage, I must give a valuable ring to the man whom you will marry as neglected Rebecca gave a valuable necklace to Rowena as a present. But Mary, please say unto me whether you will marry me or not. Mary, you are forced to say." His face flushed, and he interrupted his speech and waited for the answer of Mary.

Up to now, Mary was hearing him assiduously, and now, she spoke to Joseph in the following manner: Joseph, my dear lover, please mind not any thing at this rumour. It matters little to me whether it be true or false; be assured that in my life I shall marry none^a but you, and if in this matter my mother or father creates any obstacle, then I shall not marry at all, but shall elope with you in case of strong restriction. My dear lover, do not be anxious. I have loved none, and shall love none except you in this world. You are my first and last lover.

Here, she stopped, and as it grew late in the afternoon, Mary and Joseph, delaying no more, set out for their native village. And by evening, they reached their native village, and now, Mary's mother became very glad to see her beloved daughter come back by evening.

CHAPTER—VI

(Joseph in his apartment)

Dawn. Goddess Aurora, being accoutred in her golden livery appeared before the world to charm and gladden its animate and inanimate objects that were under the influence of sleep during the last twelve hours. The dew-drops, fallen on the blades of grass and leaves of trees and plants did not cease to express their gratitude, by washing her sacred feet. Flowers fell at her feet to show their gratitude, and the goddess of dawn, in her turn, gave them her light which she received from Apollo. Birds of every kind began to sing to her in order to please her, which she accepted through the sign of the blowing of a gentle breeze which not only filled the heart of the birds with glee but also that of every living being on earth. Dear

reader, there is exception in every place. The crow, the perfidious crow, for example, could not brook with so much panegyric of Aurora, and began to annoy her with his harsh cawing and random flight here and there. The owl, too, could not tolerate it, and flew into the dark hole of the tree where, he thought, he would not hear the praise of Aurora, sung by the various birds of the world. Now, dear reader, let me set aside this poetic description, and turn towards my story. Joseph rose from slumber, which was from time to time harassed and encumbered by mental anxiety, at about seven, and after washing his face and taking his break-fast, sat down to peruse a treatise on French Chivalry. The book, however, to speak the truth, could not draw his attention, and only placing it before him, he began to think about Mary with his face downwards as an Indian hermit, absorbed in deep meditation when Charles, all on a sudden, entered into the apartment, which was bedizened with tattered pictures and some three-legged chairs, though Joseph was sitting in a new one. Charles, without his knowledge, stood behind him, and

after a few minutes, when he could not know of it, spoke gently from behind, "My dear Joseph, "what are you thinking about?" The answer came, "About none." Charles, without wasting time, readily asked, "Will you accompany me to Scotland where I am intending to go for the purpose of hunting wild animals which can be found in abundant number in the forests of that land?" Here, Charles paused for the purpose of hearing satisfactory answer from his friend. Joseph remained silent for a while, and then said sighing a heavy sigh, "I cannot answer what you ask in the affirmative sense, but I may go if my beloved Mary permits me to do so. Now, I am a puppet of her lovely hand which, as I see, oscillates me this way and that; of course, she does so only for my welfare and nothing else." Hearing this answer of his friend, Charles said to him:—

"My dear friend, do not be so much uxorious, because a man who is solely governed by a female can never improve in this mortal world; besides, the love which you always cherish in your bosom for Mary is not a pure one; it may be rightly termed as an illegal love or

more rightly, lust or bewdness, what you may say. The sequence of such a love as you have been fascinated by can never be good." So saying, Charles took up a book (Venus and Adonis) from the nearing table, and opened it before Joseph, and showed him the stanza in which Venus, the goddess of love, after bewailing for her deceased lover who was before her, was speaking in the following manner:—

'Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,

"Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;

It shall be waited on with jealousy,

Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end ;

Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;

That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.'

Joseph looked at the stanza indignantly, and then said to Charles, "Charles, I have gone through the book repeatedly, but as far as I know, love is divine and it is love alone through which nearness of God, the Almighty, can be attained. Everything of this world is perishable ; but love is not so." Hearing this version of Joseph, Charles said in an innuend, "Joseph, my dear, you are right

in this." And then said earnestly, "you know, nearness of God can be attained by love; but nearness of modern females can not be attained by it. My dear friend, mammon and it is mammon only which is required to attain the nearness of modern females, of which you are destitute as you are a poor school-master and not a wealthy merchant of Manchester or any other industrial place in England."

Joseph became resented at this speech of his friend; but as he perceived that no resentment on his part will be able to desist him from his lecture, he at last promised to him that he would accompany him to Scotland on any day according to his (Charles') choice. Hearing this satisfactory reply of his friend, Charles left the room without any further delay. No sooner had he left the apartment than Mary, the much-coveted deity of Joseph, entered the room, and took her seat beside Joseph in the same chair, because dear reader, you have come to know from my description of Joseph's room that all the other chairs of the room were three-legged and unfit for sitting in them except only one in which Joseph himself

had taken his seat. Mary easily took her seat there where Joseph's bosom friend, Charles did not dare to take his seat. Such is the power of love ! However, when the greetings of love were passed between them, Joseph said to Mary, "My dear *love*, I am willing to go to Scotland for the purpose of hunting wild animals there. Are you agreed to it ?" Mary thought for a while and then said in a melancholy voice,

"Will you go alone ?"

"No."

"Then who will accompany you ?"

"Accompanied by Charles".

"Joseph, my dear, when you are determined upon doing so. I should not prevent you from accomplishing it. Moreover, if I forbid you to go to Scotland, your bosom-friend Charles may be sad at heart. Dear Joseph, I agree to your proposal. But do not make any unnecessary delay there." Now, the countenance of Mary assumed a gloomy aspect ; but it was difficult to say on the part of any one whether her heart tallied with her countenance. To speak the truth, Mary was a wily and artful girl, and none

could see her heart through her physiognomy. However, now it was being late, so Mary stood up from her seat, and after bidding him farewell, left the room in a hurry, not forgetting to kiss Joseph at the time of departure. Mary went away; but the kiss, bestowed upon Joseph, brought such an impression upon him that he was confounded and charmed for a while, and could not make out whether he was in paradise or on earth.

Thanks, thanks to the wile and art of a woman! Even the wisdom of Aristotle and Solon and the stratagem of Alexander would have been defeated to them! Not to speak of the mortals, even the immortals whom we call gods were not undefeated to them. As for an example Indra, king of Heaven, was defeated to the wile and art of Menaka and other celestial nymphs, and fell in love with them, and appointed them as songtresses and dancers of his heavenly court. After a few days, a page came from Charles to Joseph, and informed him of his master's injunction which was nothing but to tell Joseph about their starting for Scotland the next day when

a ship would set sail for Scotland. After giving him this intimation, the faithful page of Charles went away. The next day, Charles came to Joseph before noon. He was dressed in a hunting dress. He held a gun in his hand and a dirk hung from his belt, to which a revolver was also attached, and said to Joseph, "Are you prepared?" His friend replied in a sorrowful voice, "I am always prepared. I have neither wife nor children; neither wealth nor education, in a word, I am destitute of everything which can make a man glorious and happy in this world. Dear Charles, the world does not want me though the world is wanted by me." The life of a man as I, has no value at all. I am, dear Charles, always prepared to do anything even if it leads to my death." So saying, Joseph rose from his seat, and without making any further delay, dressed himself as a hunter with his gun, revolver, and dirk, and holding the hand of his friend, went towards the haven. When they reached the port, they found that the ship was ready to make for Scotland. So they hastily went to the booking office to buy tickets; but unluckily on their part, it was then closed, and

no ticket was available there. However, they any how procured two tickets, of course, at a higher rate, from an amanuensis of the office, who bought them for his friends. Now, they, without wasting any time, hastily embarked the ship which no sooner had they embarked it than set sail for Scottish shore.

Dear reader, none can say what will befall him the next moment ; man can see only his past and present events ; but he is quite unconscious of his future ones. He will enjoy to-day being blind to that he will suffer to morrow. Could Paris dream of the destruction of Troy when he abducted Helen from Greece ? Did Belshazzar foresee the destruction of his kingdom and his own self when he caroused with his courtiers and satraps in his royal hall ? Could Alexander, the Great, imagine his premature death when he was at the height of his royal power ? Not to speak of human beings, even the inferior animals are not exempted from this blindness to future. A lamb licks that very hand of the butcher which will cut its throat the next moment. If it could see its fate, it could

never lick the butcher's hand. O blindness to the futurity ! depart from this mortal world. Let the earthly beings see their respective fates, and be warned before-hand, and in this way let the misery of this world be lessened. But if we cast an optimistic glance upon this blindness to futurity, we must see a reversed picture. Then this blindness must prove itself the root-cause of all the present felicity, because, if a man would have been conscious of his coming danger, his present happiness must have been marred by the effort made by him in order to adopt the preventive measure. If a man would have come to know that he would die on a certain day, he could not have struggled for his existence, because, when a man struggles for his existence, he thinks that he is immortal and is destined to live in this world, for ever. And for this very reason, Yuddisthira, being asked by Virtue in the form of a heron, what the most wonderful thing is in this world, replied that hundreds of persons are breathing their last every day, yet the survivors think that they will never die, which is the most wonderful thing in this world. However, the ship made its

voyage smoothly for a few hours. Then a violent storm arose, and the waves began to roar, and the bark began to toss on the waves, and at last it was forced to strike upon a rock which was under water. No sooner had it struck upon the rock than it smashed to pieces. What a horrible sight ! a large number of persons were perished. Only few were saved by the mercy of God, the Omnipotent. Joseph and Charles were among them. They began to float on the water, and tossed on the waves, and by and by lost their senses. It is difficult to say what a space of time elapsed during the senselessness. Only God, the Omniscient, knows how long that period was ; but when they came to their senses, they found themselves on the beach.° Their guns, revolvers, and dirks were lost ; but they were not deprived of their coats and breaches. Now, they were suffering from keen° appetite. So the two friends started from that place in quest of human habitation. After having gone one mile or so, they found a small village, and entering into it, they found a wealthy man's house, who was then coming out of it. When he came out of his house, Joseph and Charles went to him,

and told about their ship-wreck, not omitting to state that they were extremely hungry. The master of the house took pity on them and taking them to his parlour, refreshed them with delicious food and beverage. Now, the host requested them earnestly to stay at his house so long as they could not procure any employment for their subsistence. They, however, readily agreed to his proposal as they had now no other means to have recourse to. Then the proprietor of the house left his parlour, and attended by his servant, went to the neighbour-village on account of a piece of urgent business. After his departure his little daughter (Alice) came to the parlour, and began to talk to them in childish fickleness. After conversing with her for a few minutes, they understood clearly that the owner of the house was the leader of a gang of dacoits who were devastating the western districts of Scotland. This their inference was proved correct immediately after. As soon as Alice went back to the house, a police officer came with a dozen of armed men, and began to enquire into the house in order to secure the person of the proprietor. When the officer did

not find Mr. Martin (the owner of the house), he examined little Alice and her mother and the two guests too did not escape his examination. At last, he arrested the guests on suspicion, and sent them to the lock-up. There they were tortured severely because it was considered that they were the accomplices of Mr. Martin. But when at last Mr. Martin with his gang was captured, his deposition led to the exculpation of Joseph and Charles, who were then released from the lock-up.

CHAPTER—VII

Dear reader, see the vicissitude of fortune ! Joseph and Charles became street-beggars (as they had lost all their money by the ship-wreck) when the former should have been the husband of a beautiful girl like Mary. Joseph not only was deprived of the love of his beautiful paramour but also suffered too much in a Scottish dungeon (if we consider carefully, we shall find no difference between sufferings of a dungeon and a lock-up), and while he suffered there, he thought about his misfortune. He thought about the folly of Charles which took him to a foreign land in order to suffer there. During his suffering in the Scottish lock-up or dungeon, what you may say, Charles' mind also was not free from anxiety. He thought that he was suffering in a Scottish lock-up while he should have roamed about freely on English soil where

various kinds of mill raised their heads high in the sky, where mansions and palaces beautified the city of London whose magnificence and grandeur were known to every nation of the world, where every man is allowed to enjoy his freedom, where most of the people are educated and civilised and where a universal brotherhood prevailed being free from heathenism and under the cool shade of Christianity. He also thought that he had been transported from eden to an infernal region where no happiness, either physical or mental, could be found. However, being released from the lock-up, the two friends, without thinking anything else, at first started in quest of bread without the procurement of which no living being can live in this world. Advancing a little way, they found the vignette of a hovel from a distance. Walking at a quick pace, as they were oppressed with extreme appetite, they reached it by and by. When they reached the cottage, then it was not opened. So they sat on the grass in front of the cottage. After a few minutes a woman came to the house, who was tall and lean and whose hair was reddish brown and whose claws were larger and sharper

than those of a hawk or eagle due to her not paring them for a long time. She asked them in a stentorian voice, "Where have you come from? And what are your names?" Being asked in this way, the two friends told their names, about their houses in England and at last about their ship-wreck while coming to Scotland by sea for hunting purpose. However, Joseph's love with Mary was not mentioned before the mistress of the hovel. Hearing all these things, the mistress said to them somewhat in a low tone as she had been little softened hearing about their ship-wreck, "Now, my dear guests, what do you want here?" Both of them said simultaneously, "Bread and nothing else, because we are oppressed with extreme appetite." Hearing these words from the guests, which were pronounced in a piteous tone, the termagant unlocked the wicker-door of the hovel, and took up two loaves of middle size, and gave them to the guests who were suffering from keen appetite. She, however, did not forget to give a small quantity of sugar with the loaves. The voracious friends at once fell to eating.

Voracity ! thanks to you. No living being in this mortal world can escape your hand. A man, if he so wish, can control every passion. He can control lust, anger, malice, temptation and what not ? But can he control any how voracity or appetite ? (The former is nothing but the keener form of the latter.) No, not at all. On the other hand, if any body tries his utmost to control it, he must breathe his last. Dear reader, if it be the custom of human society again to live nude as in primitive ages when human beings used to live in caves of mountains and hills, will it injure human life ? No, it will certainly injure human civilisation but not human life. Most of the evildeeds of human society are performed to appease Mr. Voracity.

It is Mr. Voracity who excites a man to perform sinful acts. Many chaste women of respectable families, who are not allowed to perform out-door-act in order to earn their bread, some times commit adultery in order to maintain themselves. O Mr. Voracity ! it is you and none else for whose sake a hooligan commits murder on the high way. According

to the opinion of many religious reformers of the past, such as Sree Gauranga, Ramkrishna Paramhausa and others, to eat and to feed are the only virtues of human beings. However, it may be said in the conclusion that voracity is the king of all the human passions (if it may be turned a passion) Now, let me turn to my story. The master of the hut came back when the sun was about to go down. He was a man of middle stature, whose hair was curly and of the same colour as that of his spouse, and to indicate his age, it may be said that the earth had moved round the sun fifty times or so. And now from this statement of the husband's age, one can easily guess the age of the wife, which I have not mentioned. However, the husband asked his guests the same thing as had been asked by the hostess. But this time Joseph and Charles escaped the trouble of giving answer as the kind hostess did it for them. The master of the hut also took pity on them hearing of their misfortune from his spouse. Then the four persons chatted for a while by the side of the fire which were now lit. Night came on by and by. The host gave the guests some fruits for supper,

which were devoured by them without delay. Now, Mr. Donald (the host) said to his guests, "My dear guests, you will kindly find another place for your nocturnal repose as I have no other room in which you may take it. There is a banian tree to the north of my hovel; you may sleep under it. No wild animals will disturb your sleep." So saying, he pointed to a dark tree nearby. Now, Joseph and Charles, seeing no other means, got up and walked towards the said banian tree, which stood like a giant in the darkness, with a heavy heart. In this way Scotch xenodochy was over. Reaching the tree, the two friends lay upon the ground under it, and after some time submitted themselves to sleep.

"Sleep! I thank you from the depth of any bosom. You are the giver of peace to the afflicted heart. All the persons—not to speak of persons only; to speak the truth, all the animals of this mortal world—are influenced by you. You have authority equally over the kings, the queens, and the generals and labourers. You gave equal peace to Byron, Dante, Milton, and

Homer; to speak the truth, even a poetaster or a writer of no fame is bestowed upon equal peace by you. Sleep! you know not any partiality. A saint or a sinner, a sovereign or a dredger, a philosopher or an assassin, are all equal to your impartial eyes. God has sent you upon this world as an impartial peace-giver. A person would be maniac with grief if his sorrow would not have been decreased by your soothing embrace. O merciful sleep! you embrace a man without any distinction of place. You have embraced Napoleon in the palace, Alexander in the battle-field, Nelson on the brine, Hitler in the air, and god Siva in the cremation ground. Heavenly judgment may be realised thorough the peace given by you. A sinful soul can not have your embrace so fully as a virtuous one.

A sinful person passes the night sleeplessly to some extent planning evil design. Probably he has to pass some nights sleeplessly at all. At last, O Slumber! I thank you heartily for your peace-giving, impartiality and heavenly judgment. Now, let me turn to my story again! Joseph and Charles got up in the

morning. The Sun-God Appollo could not give them the peace which he bestowed upon them in England. Dear reader, peace can not be obtained in the palace, but can be had in one's own mind. When the mind is burdened with grief, peace is not available even in the palace; but when it is free from agony, peace is available in every place—whether it be a palace or an African forest. However, now the two friends set out, without any break fast, in search of employment. Roaming hither and thither, the two friends (Joseph and Charles) went to the shop of a baker in a Scottish town. They told him about their critical situation in which they were placed. The man heard assiduously about their piteous situation, and appointed Joseph and Charles as his breadseller and private tutor of his Children respectively.

CHAPTER—VIII

In Scotland, Joseph and Charles began to serve the same master, one being his breadseller and the other as the private tutor of his children and in England, Mary began to think about Joseph, her first paramour, day and night and some-times she thought that one day she would start for Scotland to see what had happend to her paramour there, who had gone there to hunt wild animals. One day she read in a newspaper, that day at night a ship would set sail for Scotland. So, she, without giving any information to her parents, went to the haven that very night, and embarked the vessel which was ready to set sail for Scotland's shore. In time, the ship set sail taking Mary, the most coveted thing of Joseph in her bosom. It was a moon-lit night, and the beam of the moon, through the opening of the bark, fell upon the youthful

face of Mary who was sleeping in it. Mary could not sleep soundly as she thought about Joseph did not cease to tease her even in her sleep. After about two hours' sleep, she woke up, and sat on her bed, and then through the window remained looking at the moon which was shining in the cloudless sky. She not only remained looking at the moon but in the mean time began to think about her dear gallant who, according to her faith, was shooting wild beasts and birds in the wilderness of Scotland. After a little while, she again lay on her bed and slept. In the morning she woke up, and after her breakfast began to read a billet-doux which was sent by Joseph while he was in England. No sooner did she finish it than a tempest arose on the bosom of the sea which, through strength of the storm, drove the ship along an unknown and dangerous route. The Captain and the crew of the ship could not know where they were going, and after two days, when the storm ceased, they found their ship stuck to a muddy place near an island. All the persons who were in the vessel landed on the island, and after some time the captain of the ship came to know that

their ship was badly damaged and unable to make any further voyage. Seeing this condition of their ship, all the inmates became anxious and terrified at the same time, and began to consider what they would have to do. But they could devise no other plan of escaping than to embark another vessel which would come by that route. In this way, several days passed. And, at last a ship came by that way, and the forlorn ones, hoisting a signal, called it. So it came, and all the persons got into it, except Mary who, at this time, sitting in a secluded place, was thinking about Joseph, and was quite unaware of the coming of the other ship and all her companions' getting into it. And through her unconsciousness, the ship carried away all her other companions, only leaving her in that lonely place. After some time, when the meditation of Mary was broken, she found herself alone in that desolate place. Now, she became very anxious and began to weep and became almost despaired of her life. Now, she began to live upon the wild fruits which she could procure from the wood. In this way several months passed. One day, while she was

wandering by the coast, found another woman drifting alone the coast. She, seeing this, caught her by the hair, and dragged her on the shore. Now she was senseless. So Mary lit fire and gave her heat. After some time, she came to her senses. Mary at once gave her fruits to eat and eating which she became some-what strong. Then Mary asked what had happened to her. Being asked in this way, she went on as follows :—

“Dear sister, I am an inhabitant of Yorkshire in England. My aged father was going to Ireland in a ship on account of a piece of urgent business there. He took me with him in order to be helped by me. One night when we were talking after supper, a cyclone arose, and drove our ship along a dangerous way, and at last our ship dashed against a rock which was under water for the consequence of which a great fissure was made on the side of the ship, and through this opening water began to pour into it and in time it sank with all the passengers. My dear sister, I do not know except this, and now I am seeing myself seated beside you who

are more than my own sister." Here she stopped, and remained looking at the clear azure sky in a vacant mood. Now, Mary raised her by the hand, and both of them went towards the forest to gather fruits to eat. Entering into the forest, they plucked wild berries and other fruits, and came to their own abode, and when they finished their meals, her companion asked Mary how she had reached that desolate island. In answer to her question, Mary told all her history of love with Joseph and her going in a vessel in quest of her lover and also about the cyclone which drove their ship to that desolate island where it became too damaged to make any further voyage and how she and all her fellow-passengers were left in that island and how all her companions got into another ship leaving her alone in that lonely place and how she was living there on wild fruits when she found her floating on the sea and dragged her to shore and brought her to life. Hearing all these things, the other female became very amazed, and began to ponder over the vicissitudes of fate which brought both of them to that desolate island. Now, the new-brought female

asked Mary, "Dear sister, what is your name?" Mary answered, "My name is Mary." In return Mary asked, "Dear sister, what is your name?" The answer came, "My name is Caroline"

Mary again said, "Sister, are you married?" The answer came "No, not yet" Now, Caroline said, "Dear sister, how shall we leave this desolate and dangerous place where we have no society and no other companions? If we live in this perilous place for a few days more, we must be devoured by ferocious animals. My dear sister, let us devise means by which we may escape this hazardous place full of ferocious wild animals that live upon the flesh of others." In answer to her speech; Mary only said "Heaven will save us." Now Caroline began to dwell in the same hut which was made by Mary. Caroline lived for a few months with Mary in that hut. One day in the morning, the two were roaming by the coast when they saw a ship sailing near it, and at the sight of it they became very glad, and began to call the captain of the ship as loudly as they could. The Captain saw them in that desolate and hazardous place and ordered his subordinate to heave to. His mandate was

at once carried out and then a boat was launched to fetch the two females to the ship. They got into that boat and were taken to the ship and the ship set sail. Mary and Caroline, after some time, came to know that the ship was sailing for Germany when a storm arose and deviated it from the right route, and at last being obliged it was sailing by that island in which they had been living, and now Caroline became some what glad to know that at any rate she would visit Germany famous for its sundry sciences and arts. But Mary could not be satisfied with this prospect as she began to think that in Germany various sciences and arts might be found, but no Joseph must be found, to search whom she had come so far. The ship advanced day after day, and in course of time, it kissed the coast of Germany. Mary and Caroline landed on the port, and entered Berlin going on foot. Here, they lodged in a hotel. In this way one week passed. One day in the morning, Caroline was reading a news paper, and in it she found that a certain Government Hospital was in need of two nurses. As now Mary and Caroline had almost no money, so

they applied for the post, and their applications were granted. So Mary and Caroline became the nurses of a Government Hospital in Germany.

Dear reader, now let me turn towards Scotland where Joseph and Charles were serving the same master and living in indigence. After serving a few months, one day Joseph said to Charles, "My dear friend, no more I like this petty post which affords me no more than a day's meal; I wish to seek another job elsewhere. Dear Charles, do you intend to remain as the private tutor of the children of my present master or are agreed to the seeking of another job any where else with me?" Charles uttered no discrepancy in answering to the question put by his friend. So, that very day, they resigned their posts, and the next morning, they left the house of their Scotch master, and set out for Austria to try their luck. In time, they reached Austria, and after wandering for a few days hither and thither, they at last procured two posts in the military department of that country. Joseph became the commander of a regiment and Charles became his aide-de-

Camp. Charles performed his duty every day with alertness and sagacity but Joseph could not discharge his duty in this way ; he often became inattentive to his duty, and for this lack of attention to his duty, he was rebuked by his senior officer every day. Charles, also, noticed this his inattentiveness, but said nothing as he well knew that his (Joseph's) heart was always scalding for want of Mary. Joseph, on his part, always thought that he had done wrong in reaching Austria. He should have gone back to England where he would have Mary, without Mary, Austria seemed to him a jejune place. By chance a party which was against the Government of the country declared war against the Government, and the Government, in order to control the belligerent people, sent the regiment of Joseph and Charles who brought the rebellious people under the control of Government. After a few months, Germany declared war against Austria. Now, Joseph was sent with his army in which Charles was his subordinate. Other armies under other commanders were also sent to this battle with Germany. But unfortunately on the part of

the Austrian Government, its armies were defeated and repulsed, and Joseph and Charles, along with others, became captives in the hands of the Germans, being seriously wounded. They were taken to a Government Hospital in Germany in order to be treated there.

Dear reader, this was that very Hospital in which Mary and Caroline were serving as nurses. Through the vicissitude of fate, Mary and Caroline were engaged in nursing Joseph and Charles respectively. When, first, Mary came to Joseph in order to nurse him, tears rolled down his cheeks seeing her, his most coveted object. Mary, too, could not but weep seeing, after a long time, Joseph, her most beloved object. What a pathetic scene passed in a moment! None can imagine it, but one who had seen it with his own eyes. Day and night, Mary went on nursing her lover in the hope that his wounds might be healed as soon as possible. In another room of the hospital, Charles saw a woman by his bed-side, whom he recognised to be a nurse seeing her dress but whom he had not seen before. Charles said to her "Are you a nurse of this hospital engaged in nursing me?"

The answer came, "Yes, sir." Then he asked her, "Please say unto me what your name is." The answer came, "My name is Caroline." Caroline in her turn said to Charles, "Sir, please say unto me what your name is." Charles said, "My name is Charles." Caroline again said, "Why have you been so seriously wounded?" Charles answered, "I was an officer in the Austrian army, and recently being defeated by the Germans, have been seriously wounded, and as a captive, have been taken to this hospital for the treatment of my wounds." Caroline heard these and took pity on the vanquished hero and went on nursing him day and night with great sagacity and carefulness. In time, all the wounds of Charles became healed, and those of Joseph too. An armistice was signed between Austria and Germany by which all the Austrian captives were released. Now, Joseph and Charles returned to Austria after being released and regained their posts in the military department. But Mary and Caroline remained holding their service in the German Government Hospital. Though Mary remained in a German hospital and Joseph, at an Austrian barrack, they corres-

ponded often, and whenever any one of them got any leave, that went to see the other. In this way Joseph and Mary began to pass their days. One day, while in leisure, Caroline said to Mary, "My dear sister, please say unto me where you go whenever you find any leisure." Mary said, "My dear Caroline, one day I said unto you that I made love with a man known as Joseph. Recently, the Austrian commander who had been brought to this hospital wounded and as a captive and whom I nursed day and night assiduously and with deterity, was no other than my afore-said paramour. Joseph, Caroline, in the quest of this my paramour, I left my native land, England. Through the mercy of God, the Omnipotent, being healed and realeased, he has regained his post in the Austrian military department. Whenever, I find any leisure, I go to him and he, too, in his leisure-time, comes to me, when I take him to the distant park in order to talk to him freely, which is yet unknown to you. Dear Caroline, please keep this matter with you and do not disclose it. The man whom you nursed at the same time when I nursed my lover, Joseph, is known as Charles,

and is now a junior officer to Joseph. Caroline, will you go with me to see Charles today as both of us have leisure for a few days ?" Caroline agreed. So, on that very day, they set out for Austria, and in time, they reached that country. Mary, as usual, went on making love with Joseph, and Caroline, too, did not cease to make bundling (courtship) with Charles. They (Mary and Caroline) stayed there for a few days, and within this period, Charles became too much charmed with the love of Caroline, and when the time of their leave was about to end, Joseph and Charles, one day, bade them fare-well with tears in their eyes. After the departure of Mary and Caroline, Charles said to Joseph as written below : -

"My dear Joseph, a few days ago, when you first fell in love with Mary, I instructed you in many ways in order to desist you from making love with Mary. But today, like you, I have fallen in love with Caroline. I have been so attracted with the love of Caroline, that I say unto you that whenever I shall find any leisure, I shall wend to Germany in order to see my most coveted object (Caroline). But, dear friend, what the conclusion of this drama will be, I can

not say. If this my drama be a comedy, the better ; but if this be a tragedy, then I must have to repent in the long run. My dear friend, I am understanding now, why, in the past, Anthony, falling in love with the Egyptian queen Cleopatra, left his kingdom and even his own country, and dwelt with his coveted object in Egypt. When, first, I became charmed with the love of Caroline, I tried my utmost in order to desist myself from making love with Caroline but a matter of regret that I could not. It is evident from this that everything ;— knowledge wisdom, morality or education,—is defeated to love. Love becomes victorious over everything. Cupid ! God of love, I thank you from the depth of my bosom. Venus ! Goddess of love, who can describe your glory and charm ? Who can imagine your magical power ? Through your magical power Greek queen Helen fell in love with Paris, the shepherd, and in order to satisfy her brutal passion, at last, eloped with him (Paris) leaving her regal husband, and in this way, laid the foundation of the great war which has been described in the Greek Mythology, by the blind bard, Homer. Even Gods and

Goddesses joined in this battle.^{2 41} In the long run, the Greeks became victorious, and returned to their country with the trophy (Helen). Hindu Mythology, too, is not poor in such instances. Indra, king of Heaven, became charmed seeing the beauty of Ahalya, his preceptor's wife, and one day, in the absence of his preceptor, Gautama, he went to his cottage, and through witchcraft, assuming the form of his preceptor, told Ahalya to open the cottage-door. Ahalya did as she was directed. So, Indra, in the form of Gautama, entered the cottage, and made love with Ahalya in every respect, and in this way spoiled her chastity through her ignorance. But, to speak the truth, Ahalya was quite irresponsible for this. But when, coming back to his cottage, Gautama came to know of it through meditation, he at once petrified Ahalya who, to an impartial judge's eyes, was not peccant; but Indra, who was the real sinner, was given a thousand eyes in order to find out females more easily to make love (illegal) with! See the justice of the saint!" Here, Charles stopped his speech and left the place.

CHAPTER—IX

(Mary's parents)

Mary was the only daughter of her parents (as they had no other children), and for this reason, they loved her very much. After the departure of Mary from home, her parents became too much anxious about her, and they came to the conclusion that she had gone in quest of Joseph, because they now came to know about her love with Joseph. One day Mary's mother requested her husband to go in search of Mary, her only daughter. He consented to this. He, also, came to know through a reliable source that Joseph had gone to Scotland, and her daughter, too had gone to that country in search of her lover. So one day, he set out from home, and embarked a ship which was about to set sail of Scotland. After four days, the the ship kissed the coast

of costland, and Mary's father landed on the Scottish soil. He took shelter in a hotel, and began to search for his beloved daughter; but it was of no avail. Then he left that hotel, and lodged into another which was a few miles' way from the first. Lodging here, he searched his daughter, but this time, too, he became unsuccessful. In this way, he lodged into several hotels and searched his affectionate daughter according to his power, but a matter of great regret that he could meet with no success. At last, he made an announcement in a local news paper that if any one could give any information about his beloved daughter who was missing, he would reward him a hundred pounds. But no information came from any one.

At last, he came to the conclusion that Mary would not be founded in Scotland but she might be found in some other place. Thinking so, he determined to leave Scotland, and continue his quest in another country. One day he set out for Russia, and in course of time, reached Ukraim. He became amazed

seeing the fecundity of that place. The ears of wheat and barley bedizened the fields. Many kinds of fruit decorated the orchards, and various kinds of bird were chirping in them pecking at the fruits. Bees were humming in the gardens where sundry flowers were diffusing fragrance on all sides. Seeing all these things, Mary's father became very cheerful, and thought that if he could find out his daughter thither, he would never leave Ukraine, but would live there with his beloved daughter. He searched for many a day his daughter there, but unluckily on his part he could not find out his daughter there. Being despaired, he, leaving Ukraine, started for Moscow where he reached in the course of a few days. Here, he took shelter in the house of a gentle man named David. At this time, rebellion broke out in Russia, and the Tsar was trying his utmost to suppress the rebellious Bolsheviks. David was amongst the Bolshevik party. One night David, accompanied by Mary's father, went to a neighbouring village to see a Bolshevik army that took refuge in it. No sooner had David and Mary's father reached

the village than an army of the Czar surrounded the thorp, and began firing. The Bolsheviks, too, responded their firing, but in the long run, became vanquished and Captives of the Czar. David and Mary's father, too, became captives with Bolshevik army, and were taken before the haughty Tsar who at once ordered one of his commanders to shoot to death all the Bolshevik captives; but he spared the life of Mary's father knowing him an English man and not enlisted in the Bolshevik party. David with his brethren was shot to death at the behest of the cruel Tsar. Mary's father remained in the court of the Tsar, and the Czar, seeing his good symmetry and robust health, gave him the post of the commander of a small army.

One day at the mandate of the commander in-chief, Mary's father surrounded a house where a few Bolsheviks were stationed. After several rounds of firing, the house was occupied, and all the Bolsheviks in it were taken out in the field. Then each of them was given a spade to dig his own grave. The graves were dug by the

order of the Commander, and then each Bolshevik stood over his own grave at the cruel behest of the Russian commander (Mary's father), and then each Bolshevik was shot to death and put in-to is own grave which was made by his own hand. Being the Russian Commander, Mary's father totally forgot his beloved daughter and his dear wife who was living in England. He fought many fights with the Bolshevik party, but he could not be victorious in all the fights. In several fights he was vanquished and repulsed by the Bolshevik army who were being conducted at the direction of Lenin. After several months, the Bolshevik armies became stronger and more determined, and began to win almost every battle which was being declared against them by the Czar.

Many commanders and soldiers of the Tsar became captives in the hands of the Bolshevik leaders. Mary's father too, did not escape this position. He, with his small army, became captive in the hands of the Bolshevik leaders. But no captive received any maltreat-

ment from the victorious Bolsheviks. The supreme leader, Lenin's strict order was not to behave rudely with the captives. He wanted that the captives must submit only and nothing else. But if any captive did not act up to the orders of the supreme leader, he would at once be put to death by the firing of the rifle. At last, the cruel Czar, with his family, became captured and confined in a cellar. Lenin tried his best to make the Czar submit; but his attempt could bring no result. At last being obliged, he gave the orders of firing the Tsar with his family to death. The orders were instantly carried out, and in this way the imperialism in Russia ended for ever. Now, Lenin became the President of the Republic Russia. Being the President, he brought some changes in the country. He first of all, abolished religion, thinking it a hindrance in the way of independence and equity. One day he went to a church where the parson read a few lines from the Sacred Book. Hearing the Biblical version, Lenin became too much annoyed, and said to the clergy man "Set aside your buffoonery

He saw that the clergy received light punishment inspite of doing great offence, and a lay man received heavy punishment though he did small offence. He thought that this distinction was a hindrance in the way of equity and where there was no equity, there was no hope of independence. He, also, saw that the clergy held sinecures and the laity received only two precarious meals daily inspite of hard labour, their wives and children, too, had to work in the mills for their daily subsistence for the consequence of which the children of the layman remained uneducated and foolish. Seeing all these draw-backs of religion, Lenin abolished the religion from the Independent Russia. Then he destroyed the privileges of the aristocrats as he saw that the aristocrats who were void of capacity held high posts and a man of the lower class worked as a menial inspite of his capacity for high post. Lenin perceived that if such injustice prevailed, the Russian Independance would not last long. So, he made a law which destroyed these privileges, and established the Russian Independence on a sound footing. He released all the submissive captives;

and gave them back their former posts which they held under the Czar. But if any one proved himself unfit for the post which he formerly held, he could not regain it, but was posted to another for which he was fit. Mary's father regained his former post as the commander, and began to discharge his duty regularly as he had surrendered. In England, Mary's mother became too much anxious about her husband, and set out in search of him. Roaming in many countries in search of her husband, she at last came to Russia, and met her husband who became very glad seeing his beloved wife after many a day. Now, they began to dwell in a hired house, and Mary's father went on serving as a Russian Commander as before.

One day Mary's mother said to her husband, "My dear mate, you have come out to search out my beloved daughter, Mary, and it is true that you have been unsuccessful in spite of your repeated attempt, and at last, now, you have given up the attempt thinking that it is impossible to search out Mary from the

world at large. Perhaps, it has been possible for you to console your mind ; but I, as her mother, can not console my mind at any rate. My heart is always being scalded. It may be true that Mary has been out in search of her paramour, and for this the whole world is rebuking her ; but I, as her mother, though sometimes express indignation at her conduct, yet often tears roll down my cheeks whenever I remember her. My dear mate, I request you to search my beloved daughter once more and I say unto you that if you baffle in your attempt, then I must die of grief as she is my first and last born issue, and my heart is bleeding for not seeing her. You not only seek her but her lover, too, for if you do not bring her lover, with her, than she will again be missed. My dear husband, as I pine for her, so she pines for her beloved Joseph." So saying, she began to sob and tears rolled down her cheeks. Mary's father consoled her in many ways and said, "I have searched my beloved daughter, Mary according to my power but I have not been successful, at last I have given up the attempt ; but now when you have been too much anxious for Mary and requesting

me earnestly to seek her, I must try my utmost to seek her out ; but I cannot say with certainty whether I shall be successfull. Mary is not your daughter only but mine, too, you not only pine for her but I, also. To-morrow I shall announce in the news paper, describing her stature, complexion and colour in the hope if any one can give any information about her, and if this my attempt fails, I shall, at last, go out personally in quest of Mary, taking leave from the Authority." Hearing such consolation from her husband, Mary's mother became somewhat, pecified and said, "Delay no more as it is said that a good deed should be done as soon as possible, and if, through the mercy of God, Mary can be found out, the better otherwise the rest of my life will be miserable to the extreme point." The next day Mary's father made an announcement in some news papers about Mary, and waited for several days in the hope of getting any information about her, but a matter of regret that he got nothing. At last seeing no other way, he, one day, set out in the quest of his beloved daughter, taking leave from the Authority. One after another,

he roamed many a place but he could not find out Mary. In spite of his repeated failures, he did not dishearten his own self, but went on searching and searching. One day while he was passing through a forest, the sun set, and darkness came down. He did not stop, but advanced on as before. He had an electric torch with him and a revolver and several cartridges. After about two hours, he heard a roaring sound at some distance, and with the light of the torch, he saw a lion at a distance whence that roaring sound was coming. Seeing the lion, he became terrified, and catching the branch of a tree, which was over-hanging his head, climbed the tree any how (as he was not accustomed to climb up a tree before). By this time, the lion reached the foot of the tree which he climbed. Seeing the lion at the foot of the tree, Mary's father took out his revolver from his pocket, loaded it with cartridges, and aiming at the lion, fired several times. Being fired in this way, the lion fell down dead upon the ground. But he did not come down from the tree. The whole night he stayed on the branches of the tree and could not slumber. In the morning,

when the sun appeared and all the ferocious animals went back to thier respective dense to rest by day, he came down from the tree on which he passed the sleepless night. And after breakfast, he again advanced onward through the dense forest. In the afternoon he arrived at the extremity of the forest, and saw a beautiful hamlet nearby. So, he advanced towards the hamlet, and entering it, set down at the gate of a house, which belonged to a gentleman. He had not waited there many a minute when the master of the house came out, and seeing an unknown face at the gate of his house, asked, "Who are you and whence have you come and what is your name?" Being asked in this way, Mary's father answered, "I am the commander of a Russian army, and now, I am coming from Leningrad, and my name is "Murdstone." Hearing this answer from Mary's father, the gentleman asked again more politely than before, "Sir, why has your honour come to this poor man's house? Say briefly the cause of your coming here, and I shall help you gladly in your buisness." Now, Mr. Murdstone said, to the gentleman, "Dear brother, I have come here to

search my only daughter, Mary who has been missed." Hearing this from Mr. Murdstone, the gentle man became sorrowful and said, after being informed about her stature, complexion and colour, "Sir, Such girl, as far as I know, has not come to our village yet ; but if she stays at the house of any body through my ignorance, you may enquire and I must assist you in your enquiry." Now, it was about evening. So, their enquire was postponed. That night, Mr. Murdstone stayed at the house of the gentleman. The next morning, Mr. Murdstone and his host enquired into every house of that village ; but unluckily on the part of Mr. Murdstone, Mary was not found out.

Thence he (Mr. Mardstone) went to another village in order to seek his only daughter, and took shelter in the house of a gentle man there. He reported the gentle man about his missed daughter, and with his help, searched every house of the village, but met with no success. Yet Mr. Murdstone was not disheartened but went to an urban place which was nearby. Here, he settled in a hotel, and

every day, began to search his daughter according to his power. Not content with this, he engaged several persons to search out his beloved daughter, and paid them every day; but all his attempts failed and brought no success. Now, being unsuccessful in every place in spite of his utmost attempt, he lost heart, and determined to go back to Leningrad. So, one day he set out towards Leningrad with a heavy heart and at the time of going back, he, always began to think what he would say to his wife who had been waiting in Leningrad to see Mary or atleast to hear some hopeful news about her beloved daughter. On his way back, he went by the train, (but when he set out in search of Mary, he went on foot). Dear reader, see the vicissitude of fortune ! One misfortune follows another. The train, which Mr. Murdstone got into, collided with another, and many passengers of the both trains died and became wounded in consequence. Mr Murdstone, through the mercy of God, the Almighty, did not die, but became seriously wounded. He, with other wounded passengers, was taken to a hospital to be treated there, and remained there

for a fortnight. After this period, being cured, he again set out for Leningard, and after three days reached the city. From the Railway station, he walked to his hired house where his beloved wife had been waiting for him. Seeing him returned, Mr. Murdstone's wife came hastily to him and asked about her beloved daughter. Mr. Murdstone said that he could not find out his daughter nor received any news about her staying in any place. He, also, described particularly every incident which had happened on his way. Hearing all these; Mary's mother (Mr. Murdstone's wife) became too much sorrowful and at last, began to weep mournfully. Mr. Murdstone any how consoled her, and said, "My dear, now I am very hungry, bring me some food and drink taking which I may appease my appetite. Hearing this from her husband, Mary's mother brought food and beverage, and placed them on a table before him. Taking all these things, Mr. Murdstone appeased his voracity, and then said to his wife, "My dear, now I intend not to go back to England but to stay in Russia as long as I shall live, because in England, I have nothing :—

neither my beloved daughter nor any respectable post :—but in Russia, though my beloved daughter is not to me yet, I have got an honourable post which is a pride of mine. Now, my dear, say unto me explicitly whether you are agreed to stay with me in Russia or not ; but on my part, I say that I must not leave Russia.” Hearing this from her husband, Mary’s mother said to her mate, “My dear husband, on my part, I, also, say that I must not leave Russia, but always stay with you in it as long as I shall live, because a woman’s life is of no use without her husband.”

CHAPTER X

Man proposes ; but God disposes. Man cherishes high hopes ; but God extirpates them. Man is always blind to the future. All persons attempt to be happy in this world ; but very few can. Suddenly, Charles became attacked with cholera, and seeing no hope of life, he sent a message to Caroline in Germany, and receiving this message, she, at once set out for Austria, taking leave from the Authority. Reaching Austria, she met Charles by his death-bed, and after their meeting with each other, Charles breathed his last, and his last words to Caroline were :—"My dear Caroline, in this world, God has not fulfilled our desire ; but if it please God, our desire may be fulfilled in the next." Seeing the death of Charles Caroline and Joseph began to weep mournfully. However, remaining there one day more, Caroline set out towards Germany, and reaching there,

described Mary every thing that had happened. Now, Joseph remained alone in Austria, thinking all the time about his bosom friend, Charles who had gone to heaven. One day, while on leave, Joseph went to Germany to see Mary and Caroline.

Seeing Joseph, both of them became filled with ecstasy, and asked him how he was. In answer, he said that he was pretty well. At night, when Mary and Caroline came to him, he said, "I no more want to stay in a foreign land, I am willing to go back to England, will you accompany me thither?" Mary agreed to his proposal with all her heart; but Caroline did not consent; she wanted to stay in Germany. So, any how Joseph and Mary resigned their services, and set out towards England leaving Caroline in Germany. The ship which Joseph and Mary embarked this time did not meet with any accident, and safely reached England. Joseph and Mary went to their respective houses. Joseph saw his dear mother in his house; but alas! Mary did not find her parents in hers. Later on, she came to know that her

parents had gone out in search of her. This news made Mary very sorrowful, and now, being obliged, she remained alone in her house. Joseph, often, would come to her and console her. Within a few days, Mary totally forgot her parents, and came to her natural state as before.

One day, Joseph said to Mary, "My dear Mary, I am intending to go out for hunting to-morrow; will you accompany me?" In answer, Mary said, "Yes, I shall accompany you surely." So, the next day, Mary and Joseph went out to hunt in a neighbouring forest. They shot many birds and wild animals and at last being tired sat under a tree. Sitting there, they began to talk on various subjects. When they were talking in this manner, they heard a growling sound near by and as soon as they turned their faces to see, a tiger fell upon Mary from a bush which was near by and ran away, carrying her on his back. Joseph became confounded and could not think what he would have to do but only remained looking at the tiger that was carrying away his most beloved object.

He remained looking steadfastly, as far as the beast could be seen and when he (tiger) disappeared, Joseph fell into a swoon. After a while, when he came to his senses, he began to think that at last his most beloved thing would be devoured by a wild beast ; at any rate it would not be tolerated by him. Thinking so, he got up and loading his gun set out in search of the robber (the tiger) who had deprived him of his most precious jewel (Mary). After having gone three miles or four, he found marks of blood on the ground. Seeing these marks, he looked wistfully about, and saw in a bush near by Mary lying down upon the ground and the tiger sitting at her head. Now, Joseph, nothing daunted, fired his gun two times at the tiger. The beast fell dead upon the ground and Joseph hastily approached Mary and found her alive but totally senseless. Now, making no delay, he took her on his shoulder and carried her outside the forest. Here, he placed the senseless Mary upon the ground, and sitting beside, every moment expected for a conveyance which could carry Mary to his own house. In the mean time, he tried his utmost

in order to bring Mary to her senses. But unluckily on his part, he became unsuccessful and began to think deeply, placing his forehead on his left palm, about what he would have to do. Just then an empty hackney-carriage was passing that way. He called out the coachman and told him to stop his carriage. He did as he was told to do. Joseph, now, took the unconscious Mary to the carriage, and himself too, got into it. The coachman drove the carriage towards his (Joseph's) native village according to his direction. After a few hours, the carriage reached the house of Joseph. Joseph got down from the carriage, and then took out Mary from it and placed her on a sofa in his bed-room. He, then gave the coachman the carriage fare and dismissed him. He now called in a doctor who, anyhow, brought her to senses, and within a few days, cured her wounds. Mary remained in Joseph's house for a few days after being cured and then went to her own house. After the departure of Mary, one day Joseph's mother said to him 'Joseph, I have heard that you have fallen in love with Mary; is it true?' Joseph said in answer "No mother, it is not."

The mother said, "Why, then, did you bring Mary to your house in order to heal her wounds?" Joseph replied, "I have only performed the duty of a friend. She went with me in the forest and was attacked and carried away by a tiger. I rescued her, and bringing her to my house, I have got her wounds healed through treatments. My dear mother, I have performed only the duty of a friend and nothing else."

Hearing this answer of her son, she said, "My dear son, it may be true that you have not fallen in love with Mary but people say the opposite; they say that you have fallen in love with Mary. I am not going to detect whether their statement is true or not, but I say unto you only that you should not make illegal love with Mary as none can be happy making illegal with any female. The female who can make illegal love with one man, can make such love with another also. My dear Joseph, if you have not fallen in love with Mary, the best but if you have fallen in love with Mary, I advise you to desist from this heinous business, because though, at first, it seems to be pleasant,

its ultimatum is otherwise. It brings, in the long run, sorrow and repentance." So saying, she stopped. In answer, Joseph said to his mother, 'My dear mother, I assure you that I have not fallen in love with Mary, and you know what they say is quite false. If really, I had been guilty of what they are saying, I would have confessed it to you.'

CHAPTER--XI

Summer-night. Darkness was prevailing on all sides. Summer-dews had fallen upon the green grass, and such silence was prevailing on all sides that the very drop of a pin could be heard, and one could distinctly hear the very sound of his breathing. The silence was only being broken now and then by the shrill note of the annoying cricket that was sending it from the nearing wood. Poets see the beauty of light. But I see the beauty of darkness, also. Darkness ! you have got your serenity and tranquillity. The restless world becomes calm and quiet coming withing your grasp. Darkness, you are not only serene and tranquil but also an object of fear and gravity. You are so much grave and full of fear that even the bravest heart gets frightened seeing your grave and fearful appearance. The pessimists say that you are the hunting period of thieves, robbers, goblins, and many

ferocious animals but as an optimist I say, setting aside the version of the pessimists, that you are the proper time for the thoughtful philosophy and the like. In this world, everything has got its own colour, and therefore, darkness has got its own colour also.

According to my opinion, blackness will be the suitable colour of darkness. To a person of good taste of modern time, blackness is an odd colour ; but, according to my opinion, it is a bright colour, because the best things of the world are black. The pupils, without which none can see, are black. The cuckoo, whose sweet note charms the whole world, is black. The hair, which is the decoration of human head, is black. Every wise man thinks about the black side of a work before he undertakes it. Blackness is not a matter of contempt to a man of wisdom, but is a matter of great respect. Joseph was sleeping in his bed room soundly, suddenly the door was knocked. Once, twice, thrice but there was no response from within. Again the door was knocked, yet the snoring of Joseph's nostrils did not cease. Mary be

came disheartened, and sat down for a while pondering over what she would do. Then she got up and began to knock the door repeatedly. Now, the repeated knockings at the door roused Joseph from his slumber, and he sat upon his sofa and said, "Who are you knocking at the door?" The answer came, "Please, open your door, I am Mary and I shall come in" Joseph got down from his sofa, and hastily opened the door, rubbing, as he went, his eyes with his hands. Mary entered into the room and sat upon the sofa. And Joseph, too, did not forget to sit beside her, and kiss her lovingly. In her turn, Mary, also, returned the kiss, and said in a loving tone, "My dear, dear lover, your love has made me lunatic, your love has made me restless, every moment, I think about you, even, to say truth, I see you in my vision. My dear Joseph, truly I say unto you that, whenever I shut my eyes, whether in sleeping or in waking state, I see your portrait, I see your image. Joseph, you are the object of my devotion, my worship, my meditation and what not? Taking you on my bosom, I may go to infernal place, place of eternal fire; but without you, I am quite unwill-

ing to go, even, to paradise, place of eternal peace and happiness. My dearest dear, you are dearer than my own life, I can, even, sacrifice my own life for your single kiss. Truly, to me you are sweeter than honey, sweeter than money and even sweeter than heavenly nectar. Joseph, I have been eccentric for you. My dear lover, say, please say who has taught you this love which has made me mad, which has driven me out of my own house in this dark and dreadful night when ferocious animals are prowling all around, when imps and goblins are roaming hither and thither ! Joseph, if, tonight thunderbolt would go on striking the ground one yard apart, I would not desist from seeing you ! Joseph, my dearest dear, I would want nothing could I see you always, could I keep you before my eyes every moment !” So saying she began to sob covering her face with her hands. Joseph, consoled her in many ways and kissed her repeatedly, and then said, “My dear Mary, you think that only you have been lunatic with my love but I have not been so with yours ; but you know, my darling, I have been more maniac than you with your love ;

you think that only you think about me always but know my dear, I too, think about you in sleep, in waking, by day, at night and when not? I have drawn your portrait within my mind, within my bosom, which I see always in my mind's eye and which I worship day and night with concentrated mind. Mary, my darling, know it with certainty that when I shall die and my material body will be putrefied in the grave, my immortal soul will follow you wherever you stay whether on earth or in heaven or in hell. At any rate, my dear Mary, you will not be capable of escaping the grasp of my true love, which I always cherish for you. A little while before, you have said that you can embrace even death for my single kiss; but I say unto you that I can embrace what is more than death only for your single kiss! You have said that I am, to you, sweeter than honey, sweeter than money and even sweeter than heavenly nectar; but, my dear, I say unto you that, to me, you are sweeter than what is more than honey, what is more than money and what is more than heavenly nectar! Honey can be had in honeycomb, money can be had in treasury and nectar can be had in heaven;

but you, my dear Mary, can be had neither in honeycomb nor in treasury nor even in heaven ! To my eyes, you are more beautiful than a fairy, more handsome than a houri and more elegant than a celestial nymph. Mary, there may be some stain in heaven but I see no stain in your body. Mary, as the earth is moving round the sun, so I am revolving round you as your planet and as the moon is rounding round the earth, so I am rounding round you as your satellite. As the moon rises in the sky of the earth and cools the earth underneath, so you rise in the sky of my heart and cool my heart which lies under you. My friend Charles, now, he is no more ; now he is in heaven. Once he told me to desist from this my loving you in secret. He told me that its ultimatum was full of misery ; but, my dear Mary, he was in error, because when we love each other truly and sincerely and when there is no deception in our love, its ultimatum will surely be as good as possible." While he was saying so the phantom of Charles appeared in the room, seeing which both of them became too much terrified, and the phantom said, "Joseph, death has saved me

from disgrace and misery; the ultimatum of illegal love can not be good. Be warmed and desist from loving Mary; but if you do otherwise, you will have to repent in the long run," Thus speaking, the phantom disappeared, and for a while Mary and Joseph remained speechless. Then, first, Joseph broke the silence, and said, "Mary, mind not anything, it is only the hallucination of our mind, don't be afraid. A dead man can not come back to this world. The apparition of Charles which appeared before us was nothing but the delusion of our mind. Charles was my intimate friend, and you were, also, acquainted with him, and both of us used to think about him too often, and for this reason only, he appeared before us in the form of vision. It is nothing but the accustomed thought of our mind." Here, Joseph stopped and looked at Mary in the hope of hearing some favourable answer from her. Mary understood the meaning of his looking at her, and said, "My dear mate, what you have said is quite true. A dead man can not return to this world from the next. The apparition of Charles which appeared before us was only our accustomed thought which we

had been cherishing in our mind." No sooner did she say so than she heard the trampling outside the room, and said to Joseph "My dear mate, some one is coming towards this direction. Now, let me depart.' So saying, she departed from the room. After the departure of Mary, Joseph's mother entered into the room, and said to Joseph, "My son, truly say unto me who was speaking to you a moment before and who just now departed from your room."

Joseph answered, "My dear mother, Mary came to my room on account of a piece of urgent business." The mother said, "she should have come by day but at this dead night, she ought not to have come to you. But Joseph, I have been suspicious about this matter, Perhaps you have fallen in love with Mary. But my son, if you have really fallen in love with Mary, it will not be good on your part as no one can be happy in this world in illegal love. A corrupted female makes her lover unhappy in the long run. She forsakes her lover at length. My dear son a corrupted female can be compared to a rolling stone. As a rolling stone gathers no moss, so

no lover can be stuck to a corrupted female. She changes her lover very often one after another. She makes love with one lover for a few days and whenever she finds another, stronger than the former in all respects, she at once forsakes the former, and sticks to the latter. Again, when she finds a third one, stronger, in all respects, than her second paramour, she at once forsakes her second paramour, and embraces this third and so on. Joseph, the males are so foolish that they fly into the flame of a corrupted female's love, one after another in order to be destroyed there. They say that females are stupid and males are shrewd ; but I see the opposite. I see that the females are shrewd and wily and the males are stupid and idiotic. The innocent males are charmed by the wily words of the corrupted females, and fall into the blazing flame of their so called love from which they can not extricate themselves in spite of their utmost attempt, and when these corrupted females forsake them, they find themselves in the wilderness, and pass the rest of their lives in misery and mental agony, and in many cases, the forsaken lovers die of it (mental agony). Sometimes, they even commit suicide.

"My son, now, see the ultimatum of illegal love which is hated by every scripture of this world. Love is heaven, it is true ; but it is not illegal love at the dead of night. It is legal love with a married wife by which this mortal world can be transformed into heaven, into paradise, into eden which is the abode of houris and nymphs. On the other hand, illegal love with a female, which is not confirmed by marriage, transforms this happy world into hell, into an infernal place where nothing but misery and suffering, can be obtained. Joseph, if you have not fallen in love with mary, it is good on your part ; but if you really have, I warn you to desist from your business which will surely make you unhappy and miserable and which may, even, bring about your sad death at length. Now, as the case stands, you should marry without delay, which will make you happy and peacefull and will remove all obstacles from your path of happiness. My son, marriage is a divine thing, and according to astrology, the sign of it is given on human palm by God Himself. Joseph, what I am saying is only for your welfare. Make your brain cool and consider for a while." So saying, she departed from the room.

CHAPTER—XII.

In this world, none can enjoy the usufruct of illegal love for ever. To make illegal love (opposed to making love with a married wife which is only legal) with a corrupted woman means to take lease of a certain property for a certain period of time at the end of which as the property is shifted from the control of the man who had taken lease of it, so at the end of a certain period of time a corrupted woman is removed from the grasp of her lover. Foolish lovers ! inspite of seeing such instances, you can not escape the hand of illegal love which is the sole cause of the ruin of a male. Unchaste females cheat their lovers always ; but a matter of regret that seeing the sad plight of the cheated ex-lovers, the present ones are not warned, and go on loving the unchaste females as usual. They think that those who have been cheated are not good lovers but as they are not

so, they must not be cheated and deprived of their (the corrupted females') love. But alas ! when the proper time comes, the so-called good lovers too, see the opposite. They see that they have been cheated and deprived of their love. Now, they think that they (the corrupted females) have got better lovers any where else ; but this assumption of them is quite absurd as the unchaste females do not look into the goodness, badness or betterment of their lovers, but only care for wealth. When they find more well to do suitors, they forsake their less well-to-do lovers, and embrace the richer suitors without any hesitation. Unchaste women ! capitalism is your only view ; you are always hankering after wealth ; you are the slaves of mammon. Your love fluctuates with the increase and decrease of the wealth of your paramours, your love increases when your paramours give you more money for your luxury, your love decreases when your lovers give you less money for your luxury and your so-called love falls to naught when your unfortunate lovers become penurious and are unable to give you any amount of money for your luxury

of which you are the slaves. You are enjoyable things only of the bourgeois class, not of the proletariats who any how procure their precarious meals,

Thanks to the bourgeois class of the world ! not only female (especially unchaste) love has been monopolised by you but also all the happiness and wealth of the world have been acquired by you. The bricks of your mansions have been reddened with the blood of the proletariats. The petroleum which is consumed in your motorcars is too nothing but the fresh blood of their hearts. Your mills and factories have been built with their bones, and your ships and railway-engines have been made of their flesh and muscles. You, bourgeois class, always say that you give them wages ; but I ask you, my dear sirs, how much wages you give them per day. You at any rate give them one-fourth of their actual wages, and they any how earn their precarious subsistence in your mills and factories while their wives and children become obliged to work in your mills and factories, and for this very reason the children of the proletariats can not be educated,

and in this way many geniuses are spoiled in childhood for want of proper education. And on many occasions, it may be seen that many chaste wives of the proletariats sell their chastity to the bourgeois class for their subsistences being unable to work in their mills owing to their illness or other causes. Dear reader, now see, the bourgeois class is not only usurping the happiness and wealth of the working class but also usurping the chastity of the wives of them (proletariats). As the parasites live upon other trees and at last destroy them sucking their juice day after day, so this capitalist class is living upon the labour-class and sucking their blood day after day like vampire bats, and perhaps in near future the proletariats will be disappeared from the surface of the earth which, at first, has been bestowed upon man, in general, by God, the Omnipotent, without any distinction of wealth. But as I see in my mind's eye, the supremacy of the capitalist class upon the poor class will be ended very soon, and the mammon of the world will be divided equally among man in general. However, now let me set aside this Marxcian philosophy, and turn towards my

fiction. One day Mr. Harley, a rich merchant of Manchester came to the village of Mary on account of a piece of urgent business. Suddenly his car became disordered, and he remained in that village on that day. While he was walking on the road, Mary saw him, and seeing an unknown face, she approached him and asked who he was. And when she came to know that he was a wealthy merchant of Manchester, she at once fell in love with him, and said to him politely, "Sir, as I see, to-night you will have to stay in this village, and if you mind not anything, then I request your honour to stay at my house to-night. Sir, I am a penurious girl, and if I can serve you to night, then I shall think myself proud." Sir, please fulfil this my desire of serving you to-night." Mary spoke these words in such a shrewd manner that Mr. Harlay, at once agreed to stay at the house of Mary in that night. Mary, then, took Mr. Harley to her house, and fed him with rich food which was available in her village, and when it was late at night, the gentleman said to Mary, "Girl, do you know how to sing and dance, I am very fond of these to things." In reply, Mary said to the gentle-

man "My dearest guest, I know these things but not so well, yet in order to satisfy your honour, now I must sing and dance, kindly play on the harmonium." He agreed to it and Mary, accordingly, placed a harmonium before him and went on singing and dancing following the tune of the musical instrument and at intervals both of them drank wine to their heart's content and when it was about to down, the singing and dancing ceased and they sat side by side and kissed each other (at first, Mary kissed Mr. Harley) and at last they satisfied their brutal passion which was burning their youthfull heart. Dear reader, now see the love of a corrupted woman. They can do every thing for the sake of wealth. Theirs is not a true love but a pecuniary one. Joseph who had loved Mary so dearly, was not remembered by her for a single moment when she made love with Mr. Harley. She forgot Joseph totally, when she received Mr. Harley, the wealthy merchant of Manchester, as her lover. Wretched Joseph ! If you could know about it, your heart would be broken into pieces ! However, the next day, Mr. Harley's car was brought to order

and at the time of his departure, Mary said to him, "My dearest! over, please promise to me that after two days, you will come and you know, my dear lover that if, after two days, I do not see you, I must die of your separation. Mr. Harley, you are my first lover and in my life the taste of love, first, I have received from you." Mr. Harley thought that she loved him truly, so he promised to her to come after two days. Now, Mr. Harley got into his car and, after bidding farewell to Mary, drove away. After two days, according to his promise, Mr. Harley came to the house of Mary and Mary received him lovingly and said "My dear mate, I am very fortunate to-day because you, who are more than my own life, have set foot to my house in order to see me who am an ugly girl." Mary, then, led him to her bed-room and requested him to sit on her sofa. Mr. Harley did as he was requested to do. She sat beside him and fanned him for a few minutes; then she went to the market place to purchase food and drink. There she bought best food and drink and came back. Mr. Harley was refreshed with these things and for sometime music and dancing continued and

then Mr. Harley said to Mary, "My love, do you love me sincerely?" Mary replied, "Heaven knows whether I love you sincerely or not; but my dear lover, as far as I know, I love you more dearly than I love my own life." Hearing these words from Mary, Mr. Harley became too much satisfied, and clasped her profoundly, and said, "My dear Mary, I shall never for-sake you." Then he remained in the house of Mary for three days, and at the time of his departure, Mary said to him, My dear mate, you must come after one week; and I will elope with you." at this, he was consented and then departed cheerfully.

Dear reader, now, let me turn towards Joseph, the unfortunate lover, who was passing his days anxiously during this absence of Mary who was on the other hand, passing her days peacefully, making new love with Mr. Harley. One day, while Mary was thinking about her new lover Mr. Harley. Joseph appeared before her suddenly; but she did not take any notice of him as she was absorbed in the thought of her new lover. Joseph remained standing before her silently for a while, and then he broke.

silence with the following words "Mary, my dear, why did you not go to me for a number of days ? These words of Joseph startled her from her dream, and, looking at Joseph, she said in a callous tone, "I had been ill for a few days, and still I have not come round completely, and, for this reason, I could not go to you." Hearing these callous words of Mary, Joseph; remained silent for a while, and said to himself, "Never I heard words from Mary in such a callous tone. From her tone, it is proved that she loves me no more ! She wants me no more !! But may it be possible that she loves me no more ? No, no, Mary can not but love me, her illness has brought this her change of tone. I should have nursed her during her illness. On her part, it will not be unnatural to be angry with me on account of my not nursing her during her illness." Mary noticed this his attitude, and, in order to divert his mind, began her coquetry in the following way, "My dear lover, what are you thinking about ? A friend in need is a friend indeed. During my illness, you did not set your foot to my house even for a single day in order to see me. My dear Joseph, I love you from the depth of any bosom ; but the love

which you show to me is only oral, and you only love me to pacify your bestial passion."

Hearing these words from Mary, Joseph became very ashamed, and said in a trembling voice full of love, "My dearest dear, please forgive me for this my offence; to say truth I, heard nothing about your illness. My dear Mary, I am not to blame for this my offence of which I was quite unconscious, mind not anything for this." Hearing this entreaty of Joseph, Mary smiled within herself thinking that the males are always defeated by the flirtation of the females, and then she said, "My dear lover, I shall go to your house after four days, because now I am too weak to go there." (Dear reader please see the wiles of a Nile female. After four days, she will not go to Joseph, but will elope with Mr. Harley after three days.) Joseph became satisfied with these words of Mary, and, when he was about to depart, Mary gave him a signet—a golden ring—on which her name was engraved. Joseph took it and went home cheerfully. In her own house Mary remained anxiously expecting for the arrival of Mr. Harley. At last, the fixed day came, and she remained looking

through her window expecting for his arrival. At last when the sun was about to go down in the west, Mr. Harley arrived at her house driving his beautiful motor car. Seeing him, Mary, hastily went to him and received him lovingly. Mr. Harley entered into her bed chamber, and sat down upon her sofa with smiling face. Mary began to fan him with her both hands, and when he was cooled, she set before him the best food and drink which she procured for him from the nearing market. Mr. Harley was refreshed with these things, and then said to Mary "My dear love, do you know that I have come here to take you with me?" Mary replied "Yes, my dear lover, I know it very well." Mr. Harley said, "When will you elope with me?" Mary replied, "Before dawn." Night came on, and Mary began to sing and dance in order to satisfy Mr. Harley and after finishing singing and dancing, she passed the night sleeplessly talking many things to him and making love with him and when the fixed time came, Mary got into the car of Mr. Harley who drove with her to Manchester. In time, Joseph, the unfortunate lover, came to know of it. Alas! he was undone!! Now, he began to bewail and

think the advice of his expired friend Charles who tried in many ways to desist him from loving Mary but such bewailing and thinking were of no avail. Now, he thought that he had been defeated by the man with whom Mary had eloped.

Dear reader, though Joseph was defeated, according to my opinion at least, it was a *glorious defeat* on the part of Joseph, which saved him from greater ruin which would, surely, befall him. His character was saved from being begrimed. Joseph, God has saved you, God has rescued you. To-day, you are not conquered but a conqueror not a victim but a *Victor*. Mr. Harley, to-day, you have defeated Joseph, but know it certainly that you, too, in your turn, must be defeated by somebody else. A loose charactered female is a rolling stone. As no moss can be gathered upon a rolling stone, so no lover can be stuck to a loose charactered female.



